

Upon the most Hopefull and ever-flourishing sprouts of Valour, the
indefatigable Centrys of the Physick-Garden.

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ALlthough no brandish^h Cherubins are here,
Yet Sons of *Adam* venture not too neare,
Nor pluck forbidden fruit; if with intent
To visit *Paradise* be Innocent.
Here's your [*Nil ultra*] else; in each of these
Is both a Pillar and an *Hercules*.
If you not dread their looks, yet may you fear
The many strange Fatalities they bear.
The Embleme of Mortality the *Yew*
Does likewise now the Armed Agent shew;
And if unwary Mortals slight their Guard,
They doubly make the Garden a Church-yard.
In this Conjunction mischief's never scant,
The *Saturnine's* become a *Martiall* Plant:
Far off, in Heaven it selfe are these bad Stars;
What here at hand, when *Saturn* clubs with *Mars*.
Th'*Hesperian* Dragon, were it not a Fable,
Then these our Porters is lesse admirable.
Their blood is Poyson; Pestilent their Breath;
And very shade the shadow is of Death.
But since in *England* they can doe no harme
Internall, they for outward mischief Arme;
Desperate Poyson in most Forein ground,
Instead of Sicknesse, here they mean to Wound.
(As lately Rebels serv'd that Blessed Head,
When Poyson might not doe, they struck Him dead)
Who dares be safe? no Turk is Armed soe,
When every member of them is a Bowe.
Ev'n Arms are Arm'd; Bows chargd with Mace or Bill;
So that at once with Sroke and Shot they Kill.
And lop each limbe you cannot strike them dead;
Each limb will multiply like *Hydra's* head.
Some Vegetables doe themselves Protect
With Prickles, Stings, or Stinks of same effect.
Our Garden Genii, more generall,
Do not defend themselves alone, but all.
Old *Heroes* hung their Weapons, so as these,
For signall Victories on signall Trees:
But, sure of Conquest, these presumptuous *Sophys*
Doe antidate: are Victors both and Trophys.
If Quibbling *Cambridge*, when they next Commence,
"Shall say, here's *Terra filii* without sense,
"And very Block-heads: know that they were meant
For Military not a learn'd intent.
Valour and Wit at equall Honour fly;
Yet Valour often, seldome Wit dwells high.
As Wisemen most are Cowards; so 'tis fit
That Combatants have neither Feare nor Wit.
Their Education though they may not brand,
Bred in the Gardens Garden of the Land.
Manners make Men, of Men, means *Wickham's* Box,
Our Yews declare they may be made of Stocks,
By culture too: And Trunks assume of late
The grand Proprieties of Humane state:
Cought in an Oake the Sovereignty ye knew;
See here appropriate valour in the Yew.
Say, they are Speechlesse too: the Men of Swords
And truly valiant are not men of Words.

They Murmur though, & shake their Crests disturb'd
By saucy Winds: nor would their rage be curb'd,
Were't not in vaine their Honour to repair,
When 'tis to fight the Winds, and beat the Ayr.
Jove whispers Peace; or else we well might wonder
He, so secure, lets rust his dastard Thunder.
These Earth-borne Gyants take a diff'rent course,
By plots more perilous then was their Force.
Each Man's an Ambuscado; and may well
Be said at once Perdue and Centinell.
How they advance tow'rds Heaven Night and Day
And strength increases still upon the way.
Yet march unseen: But *Joves* all-kenning eye
Did soon these wily stratagems espy.
Else might th'All-conqueror have been surpris'd,
As was our own, by men in Boughs disguis'd.
So that *Apollo's* sent a league to treat,
And to Careffe them with his gentle heat;
With numerous Presents of his golden Rayes;
And farther promise of serener dayes.
Else would their force crack Heavens chariot wheels;
But prostrate Earth too hangs about their heels;
And as an Ancient loyall *Sabine* Wife,
Ventures to intercede, and part the strife.
So men, whose humbler scope is heavens Crowne,
With darling Earth are clog'd and fetter'd downe.
Could we believe but what old people do;
They were not only Men, but Christian too,
Who fright the Div'll himselfe; had God but set
In his first Colony this Amulet;
No work for *Cherub* had there been: no doubt
The Fiend had been, and not poor Man cast out.
And *Proserpine* might here have fill'd her lap
With only flowers, and not an after-clap.
From Sons of *Adam* now we must retrieve
One warning to the Daughters next of *Eve*.
You Ladies whom *Priapus* can't affright,
Whose toyish weapon rather does invite,
(Proscrib'd for his indulgence) since you are
Beneath displeasure, therefore do not dare
To use the Garden so as Men use you;
At once to love ye, and deflowre ye too.
Gardens of Beautys, many in pursuit
Are of your own choice flow'rs, and rarest fruit:
Weake is your Sex; you know the Dev'l in Swine
Was nere repuls'd by hedge of *Eglantine*.
If yet the Courtier Fox, or Russian Bore
That mound have never undermin'd and tore,
Thus fortify your selves; in your defence
Set Gyant Honour, Gyant Conscience.
So shall you never keep, by this advice,
Knaves Kitchen-Garden, but Fools *Paradise*.

So farewell *Heroes*; Who shall Sing of *Lyons*
When as *Heroick* is *Georgick* too.

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